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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAMMON.

Every age has its worship, every age has its God. The past age of worship has been self. The present age of worship is Mammon. The cause of the present worship is the past worship—self, now grown into the Mammon of self, mammonized into the Mammon of self-interest.

The various means in which self is mammonized is not known. The vain opinions of mankind are not the truths of Nature, and the results of philosophic minds are widely at variance with truth and reason. He who would be wise, must be wise in spite of philosophy, for the philosophy of the day is sought but philosophy, and in itself but a *man*.

Mammon is the true philosophy of these latter days, and he who affects to believe that the Mammon of self is not the true philosophy of life, is questioned as if his intellect was weak or his reason endangered.

There is no true philosophy like the philosophy of dollars and cents now in existence. It is a philosophy which passes current with the multitude, and does not admit of questioning.

The Christian, in his zeal for his Master's cause, feels that he has a right to make "good bargains," that he may cast the overplus into the treasury of the Lord, and the miser, even, will open his hoards, when told that the returns will credit to him the life membership of his pastor. Here is philosophy, true philosophy! not to be passed by as worthless, but as the acme to fame and fortune!

He who denies such delectable philosophy as this, must surely be mad, says the world, and so say we too, if he desires the praise of men more than the praise of God.

The philosophy which will not bear the fires of purification is a material philosophy, and after all, must be burnt alive at the stake and its ashes scattered to the four winds of progression ere the spiritual philosophy of love can be built upon its stead. "How so," says the materialistic Christian, "my philosophy is the true and perfect rule, for I am seeking to christianize the world by the means God has appointed, even taking from the sinner what he has gained unlawfully in his wickedness, to be distributed over the world and among the heathen in the form of books, pamphlets, missionary labor, and other Christ-like endeavors to extend the blessed Gospel of peace and righteousness." "But stop, Christian (I) friend, let us reason a moment. If you are Christ's follower, you must follow Christ. Now, did you ever hear of his defending one individual that he might therewith benefit another? Did he not in all his teachings enforce the ancient denunciation 'I hate robbery for burnt offering,' and urge this practical truth, 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.' Then, where the consistency of those professing to follow in his footsteps and calling themselves Christians, to plead in extenuation of their conduct, we do this and so, that we may have more abundant means to give to the Lord both at home and abroad, for we feel it our duty to labor in the cause of Christ and make ourselves the instruments of converting souls to the Lord Jesus Christ that they may be happy in this world and happy in the world to come.

"Where is true philosophy?" saith the Christian, (I) and so say we too, if he wishes to be seen of men or desires no higher reward than his praise.

"But," let me say, "if he desire the honor that cometh down from above, and whose reward is both in secret and in open sight, let him seek a higher motive, for his Christian philosophy to mount, than to be slimmer of another's bounty, or the distributor of his own, than to do as *Jesus did*. To do right merely, because some one else once did right, is a poor excuse or plea, and will not stand the soul in the judgment! This is a new idea, say you, and so indeed it is, but is it not a good one?"

Why should we desire to do right? From the good which will result from it; that is the highest motive which can be appealed unto. "No," saith my Christian friend, "it shall be for Christ's sake, for the honor and glory of God."

Let me inquire, if all good will not redound to the honor and glory of God, and if thousands of human beings now on earth do not require the succoring hand of the Good Samaritan more for their own sakes or their friends, than for the sake of an individual who lived eighteen hundred years ago, and who cannot be affected in any way by their conduct in the present action of their lives?—"Strange philosophy this," saith the Christian friend, "that we should do good for our own sakes and for the sakes of those whom we befriend. I should think no man would dare to preach such doctrine, and thus blaspheme the sacred name of Christ!"

My friend, we meant no disrespect to Jesus Christ, nor yet to your creed, but we enter our protest against the idolization of individuals, and the self-love which creates an altar upon the shrine of Mammon, and bow down there to worship, under the cognomen of Christian zeal and Christian love. We enter a protest upon the lists of religions that this

of all others is the most unsound faith, since it robs Paul to pay Peter, and takes from the hireling his wages to pay the Christian for his labors, in converting the sinner from the error of his ways, when the error of his ways is just what the Christian has been himself guilty of, robbing the poor to pay the Lord.

The true philosophy of all this is, that the Christian may have the honor of the conversion of the soul, for the means passing through his hand; he, of course, must be the *visible instrument* in the hand of God, of the soul's conversion.

"Converted from what, to what?" we would enquire.

My Christian friend may answer, "from the religion of the poor, oppressed, suffering slave, to the religion of the wealthy, exalted, comfortable slaveholder,—without enjoying any of those comforts, but knowing they are for his master, and not for him." I would interruptedly inquire, "O, no," says he, "not exactly that, but he may be indulged in privileges which he could not before enjoy; he can feel the love of God in his soul, and that will enable him to bear his lot more patiently."

"Yes," I would reply, "it may work such a work of grace in his heart that the poor slave may be willing to be again sold into more irredeemable bondage, parted from his wife and family and sent into the pestilential swamps of Louisiana, with the consoling thoughts that his master, by the exchange, has made a good bargain, and realized the sum of three thousand dollars, above profits, and has devoted all such gains to the service of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; therefore, forwards it to the American Bible Society as a testimony of his zeal in the cause of Christ, whose mission was to undo the heavy burdens, and to set the captive free."

Perhaps, say I, that the slave needs the religion of Jesus Christ to enable him to be reconciled to the idea of being a slave and being kept in slavery, that through that slavery his master may have means to purchase Bibles to send to the heathen, that they may have knowledge of such a glorious religion as sanctifies and permits such slavery, which that religion of that same Jesus Christ came expressly to do away with?

"Rather inconsistent," my Christian friend feebly mutters to himself, but let that pass, say I, that is the Materialistic Christian's philosophy. Can any better philosophy be found, I would inquire, if not we must grope on in darkness and stumble at we know not what a little longer.

My Christian friend seems to have been busy in his thoughts, and steps up to me, with his face glowing with a new idea, and says, "why not educate our slaves in this religion which we are so anxious that the heathen should possess and send them out as missionaries?"

"What a noble idea," I reply, "that indeed, would be killing two birds with one stone." After musing awhile, he again exclaims, "it seems indeed to be more God-like to educate them into this religion and to send them out as missionaries than to sell them as slaves and keep them in ignorance, applying the result of their bondage to open the prison doors to the far off heathen, and as if pleased with the conclusion, he left muttering as he went, "philosophy, philosophy, strange philosophy, indeed, is this new philosophy." Who would have believed that I could have been reasoned into it in a few moments by an innocent woman. Never mind, strange things happen now-a-days, and when I get up in the morning the meanest wretch in existence, many make up faces at me and call me no Christian if I be found the owner of one single slave. I will educate them all, and send them out missionaries to their brethren. Will not their stories of their manumission by their master, because he practiced the Gospel which they preach, be a greater incentive to their (the heathen) to become the recipients of that Gospel, than though I keep them in bonds and send the avails of their labors to the missionaries, praying that a just God would sanctify the means to the conversion of many souls. I will try it, I will try it, he screamed in his exultation, and with the sound I awoke, and found in a dream I had converted a Christian (I) slaveholder (I) to the philosophy of love from the philosophy of Mammon.

Burr, Mass. Oct. 5th, 1854.

E. E. Gimson.

[From the New York Weekly Leader.]

THE PURITAN SABBATH.

The Puritan Sabbath commenced on Saturday afternoon. No labor was performed on the evening which preceded the Lord's day. Early on Sunday morning, the blowing of a horn in some villages announced that the hour of worship was at hand. In other places a flag was hung out of a rude building occupied as a church. In Cambridge a drum was beat in military style. In Salem a bell indicated the opening of the settlement. The religious services usually commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an intermission of one hour for dinner. The people collected quite punctually, as the law compelled their attendance, and there was a heavy fine for any one that rode too fast to meeting. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to church in the same fashion that a sheriff now conducts the judge into our state courts. The minister was clothed with mysterious awe and great sanctity by the people, and so intense was this sentiment, that even the minister's family was regarded as demi-gods. The Puritan meeting-house was an old structure. The first ones erected by the colonists were built of logs, and had a cannon on the top. Those standing two centuries ago were built of brick, with clay plastered over the courses, and covered with clay-boards, now called clap-boards. The roof was thatched, as

buildings are now seen in Canada East. Near the church edifice stood those ancient institutions—the stocks—the whipping-post—and a large wooden cage to confine offenders against the laws. Upon the outside of the church, and fastened to the walls, were the heads of all the wolves killed this season. In front of the church in many towns, an armed sentinel stood, dressed in the habiliments of war. There were no pews in the church. The congregation had places assigned them on the rude benches, at the annual town meeting, according to their age and social position. "Seating the meeting-house," as it was called, was a delicate and difficult business, as pride, envy, and jealousy were active passions in those days. A person was fined if he occupied a seat assigned to another. The eldest occupied seats beneath the pulpit. The boys were ordered to sit upon the gallery stairs, and as "boys always will be boys," three constables were employed to keep them in order. Prominent before the assembly were wretched male or female offenders, with a scarlet letter "A" or "D" on the breast, to denote a crime against the stern code. We make a few extracts from the laws of the New England colonies respecting the Sabbath:

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on Saturday."

"No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or fasting day."

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his own garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting."

"No one to cross the river, but with an authorized ferryman."

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

"NEW SONGS TO OLD THEMES."

The inquiry as to the Spirit authorship and title was answered that J. N. M., a well known popular minister wrote the poem, through Mr. A. Hoyt, and directed the title to be appended.

Like damned sentinels, keep earth's gate;
While yet within its prison walls are found
Ten thousand banished spirits, spreading o'er the ground,
Telling that angels still are lingering near
To woo the prisoner to a brighter sphere.
Man hears them not—the chains of flesh
Each morn and night are riveted afresh.
Then yielding to his fate he begs his chain
Till death unbinds and lets him rise again.
All beauty, love, and poetry I ween
Are from the world of Spirits, where unseen
Throughout all ages thought and love both live.
The artist's pencil all the power they give,
And orators exalting in the cause of right,
Receive their impulses from this ethereal light.
For all of earth's dull, cold, heartless fact;
To eat, to rob, and spoil its only tact.
But that which warms each scene with life and soul,
Shares in the power that bids the planets roll;
Thus, though the angels once kept Eden's bowers
Secure against combined and hellish powers,
That post is fallen now to our own foes;
And selfish Evil's withering mildest blows
O'er the fair fields that God pronounced as good,
Sweeping through life its dark relentless food.
And with that say, "Whatever is, is right,"
Confoundeth sunshine with the blackest night:
Doth God make hunger and then snatch away
From orphan's cup the milk of his dear day;
Doth he rejoice in rapine, murder, blood;
Because his power can overrule for good?
And will thou say this trifles soon must pass.
Eternal Progress rolls the mighty mass?
From one great causeless cause all things have sprung.
While right and wrong are dreams by poets sung?
Each atom claims inspired official
To him who quickens intellect in you and me;
And therefore we are God! O monstrous thought,
By pantheistic fiddlers only taught.
What, then, if earthly evil only seems to be
To work out future pleasure in eternity,
May not our sorrow, misery and pain,
In after ages come in use again?
What shall secure us 'neath the dreaded thought
That by our schools of mysticism taught?

I stood upon the shore—a beauteous bay
Laved a green isle that in the sunlight lay—
The undulating waves moved gently by,
The city's shadow rose against the sky;
There lay the merchant ship to wait the gale,
That daily soon should fill her mighty sail,
And dotting o'er the ripples far and near,
A world of floating life on every side appear.
Yet o'er the trees that waved upon the isle
Amid its flowery meads that sweetly seemed to smile,
I saw—or was it wisdom to my sight—
The war-crow'd bastion and the bayonet bright
Arose to tell me that the heart of man
Was like the leopard's lair or tiger's den;
His passions lent a lake whose sultry smoke
Tells of the burning waves from whence it broke.
'Tis man that clutches from the poor his bread,
And manacles a world that trembles at his tread;
'Tis man—but ah, my heart and head are faint,
His thousand fields of Waterloo to paint.
My angel friends are near and check my view,
"Behold," they whisper, "I make all things new."
Best prophecy of heaven, whose heart-inspiring voice,
Speaks to earth's tempter "Peace," and bids the soul rejoice.

Bright as Ariel, sentinel of the sun,
My mounting hopes in glittering orbits run
In search of Him who now forgives my sins,
Too weak for utterance such as well befits
To lips of life. Like him of old I feel
Abhorrence of self upon my senses steal;
While dust and ashes mark my inward shame,
That such as I should dare pronounce His name;
Much less, blasphemous, like a demon trace,
In deeds of evil men their God's insulted face.
Look, then, and shrink through earth, from pole to pole,
And scan with eagle glance whatever hath a soul—
Then tell me, if thou canst, who made them such?
Does God "here give too little, there too much?"
Or wilt thou own thy reasonings are weak?
The cause of all things humbly must thou seek.
Art thou in stature lofty as the sky,
And with a single step its dizzy height canst try?
Or art thou doomed with weary step and slow,
To reach the mountain's top, its sunlight glow?
Such, then, are all things that concern thee here,
Placed as are needful each within its sphere.
And then mayst climb the loftiest, holiest height,
With modest patient, and reason, friendly guide,
Like David, else downward thou must fall,
And find thy folly was the cause of all.
Of life 'tis God alone the secret springs can see,
To teach thee there's a power that claims thy knee.
Love and adore: the thought that overleaps
This boundary line must climb the slippery steep;
Where science falls, and reason, friendly guide,
Proves recreant to her trust and ever turns aside.
Could'st thou by searching find the Almighty out,
What would thy knowledge aid? thy life throughout
Is an entangled web of present good or ill:

To change the page, its blank of future ill,
Mocks thy vain effort. Turn then thy powers
To benefit thy kind—to strew the tomb with flowers
Of an immortal life—to chase the widow's tear—
Give eyesight to the blind—the deaf make hear;
For thou canst be like God only by Godlike deed
Of charity to all who suffer need.

Call'st thou this century a curse—with scorn,
Below the wisdom with which thou wast born?
Then, tell me, sapient, what is it thou canst see?
That wakes up thy ire? Canst thou reject
What nature taught thee when she clad the fields?
Brutes too are families or sects as instinct yields?
Men draw, unite, then subdivide, and then
Reunite. Sympathy makes us men.
Heavenly itself is but a sect
Of God's great empire. Like clouds that fleet
The sun, this truth must burn and glow
To glimpse the mighty orb that rolls below.
'Tis, therefore, that Almighty sovereignty ordains
This universal law throughout his empire reigns.
Take then thy tube, philosopher, and sweep
The vast expanse to where nebulae sleep.
Like clouds of worlds; but gather'd to thy eye,
As though His system wanted harmony.
A galaxy of light confused to man may seem
A milky way, as ancient poets dream.
Let sects remain, but show to them the love
Which God designs that all his works shall move:
Thus round one common centre all may roll,
Divided, separate orbits, yet a mighty whole.
Children are sects to which thou dost belong,
And occupied thyself with toys and childish song;
And shall thy arrogance concealed pass
Or fail to see thyself reflected in the glass?
Here rests the argument—Vain man is blind,
And labyrinthine paths around him ever wind;
The clue of hope may guide him in the right,
But love alone shall bring him into light.

Oh heaven-born harmony, whose golden chain
Links heart to heart throughout the vast domain
Of intellectual life, descend upon our sphere,
And let our jarring cease, we woe expire.
From the calm stillness of the skies descend—
Let angels blaze to thee—let holocausts ascend;
Till Africa's chain falls from her swarthy limb,
And with her palmed brother joins in freedom's hymn.

The time hath come: the car of Progress flies,
Man leaves him out a path thro' earth and skies.
He yokes the lightning, time and space commands,
And links his iron chain thro' barbarous lands.
The fates of Chittim and the frosty North
Shake hands together—pour their treasures forth;
Lybia and Egypt yield new store,
And at thy feet, Almighty love, adore!

No narrow income—breadth of center now,
But Araby and Java in one homage bow,
With continents and islands of our prouder race—
Earth is God's temple and his dwelling place.
But see the ruins descend, and o'er the earth
Each seed and rootlet wails in deathly strife.

Outflows each river, impeded, the torrents roar—
Wide swells the river's flood and thunders to the shore.
So the Spirit-life—first seen in drops—the clouds, portent,
Discharge in showers—the showers are spent.
But look around thee, man, and see
That while thou sleepest the hour of destiny
Is on the world's wide track, and soon to all
The millions of the race shall be the Spirit's call.

The "little stone" shall crush the monarch's crest,
And Christ again shall be earth's joyful guest.
O Christ, anointed, inspirer of my song,
When shall the nations cease to do thee wrong?
Thus, as I name thee, hark! and the bowing knee thy throne,
Cumber'd of seraphs glad thy sceptre own!
Their hallicious sweep the eternal plain,
And earth's responsive thunder echoes back again.*

Thou livest and wast dead—the great amen,
Beyond all thought of life—all finite ken!
The muttering thunders darken not thy throne,
Thou dwellest in light and love and peace and joy alone.
The mystery of evil ceases, then thou dost disclose:
Thou, who on calvary grappled'st with my foes!

I tremble at my thought, and whispering angels tell
"Tis not for thee to sound the dark abyss of hell.
Content thee this, that to our best abode,
To thee, to all, Christ opens up the road.
If, like Ezekiel, thou saw'st the living wheels
Fasten with life—hark! and the bowing knee thy throne,
The mighty pressure of the wondrous thought
Beclouds the vision on thy senses wrought."

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,
"Blessed are the dead who die and rest with thee.
Labor and sorrow they no more shall know,
And bitter tears of anguish ever cease to flow.
So sun upon their head shall shine with fervent heat,
The thunders cease to roll, and cease the storms to beat."

Thus standing on time's sea, from far and near
The mystic future on the waves appear,
And hideous shapes of ocean, hydra head,
Uprear from out the ocean's oozy bed;
Types of the past and future power
That sway earth's sceptre with the passing hour.

Is born a broke—his wondrous head decay;
The horrid dragon dies—the vision melts away.
Sad emblems these of man, whose mired life
Betrays him still some demon's supple tole.
Thus ever and anon we change our state,
Our nations rise to power—men call us great,
While hydra-headed evil claims its place and seat
Where Parliaments decree, and emperors' senates meet.

Breathes softer, then, ye zephyrs bland,
And lead me once again to where the land
Of the redeemed, array'd in glorious sheen,
Dursts on my Spirit in its calm serene.
Thy wondrous exultance o'erpowers the mind,
That falls in words comparison to find.
So have we seen when o'er the prairie wide
The sun his radiance threw on every side;
Light's iris-gems on all the clouds were hung,
Like festoon'd drapery o'er his pathway flung.
Till sinking in the far and level west,
He bade the gaze mark his place of rest.

City of God, descend! unbar thy pearl-built gates,
Earth for thy coming long and weary waits,
And let the nations now that rush on death,
Feed tides of life renew their fainting breath.
Thy cooling streams shall soothe man's fever'd heat,
And everlasting joy thro' all his pulses beat.
Woe, pain and haggard, drinks the widow's tear,
Struck with thy vision, then shall disappear.
The zephyr there no fainting brow shall kiss,
Nor sigh of sorrow mar the world of bliss.

A voice as many waters rushes on my ear,
The new creation's mighty choir is near;
A multitudinous thunder rolls its ocean base,
The heavens depart—the Isles no more have place.
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices fill the sky,
And wake the music of eternity.
And thou with me shalt hear when time
Its final chorus to that song shall chime.
With bloom immortal all the hills are clad,
A smile eternal reigns and every heart is glad;
A song, now strange, melodious, sweet,
Thus hymns its numbers thro' the golden street.

Ripple ye fountains,
Ripple with joy!
Wake up ye mountains;
None shall destroy
The peace that now reigns,
Halleluia, amen,
From rock, hill, and plain,
The oceans of love sweep back again.

William Burgh, July 1, 1854.

* Alluding to a thunder storm that was passing while writing.

ON THE MINISTRATION OF DEPARTED SPIRITS IN THIS WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings
The Spirits of the dead.

While every year is taking one and another from the ranks of life and usefulness, or the charmed circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remember that the Spiritual world is gaining in riches through the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing their voices, cheered by their smiles—death and the Spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on the hill-side of life, the soul, by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and Spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this.

For with every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend; till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world, in successive portions, half his own Spirit; and poor is he who has not familiarized himself with that *unknown*, whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending. One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the veil, is for some assurance that they will still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expresses it, "Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship of and ministration of departed Spirits, a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none here? Is there no sober certainty, to correspond to the inborn and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed Spirits, in verity, retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes?

All that revelation says of a Spiritual state, is more intimate than assertion—it has no direct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague, glorious images, while now and then, some accidental ray of intelligence looks out,

—like eyes of cherubs, shining
From out the veil that hid the ark.

But, out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inferential argument might be constructed, to prove the ministration of departed Spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed, in its day, for the height of orthodoxy.

First, then, the Bible distinctly says, that there is a class of invisible Spirits who minister to the children of men. "Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" It is said of little children, that they "angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in Heaven." The last passage from the words of our Saviour, taken in connexion with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian Spirits.

For God's government over mind is, it seems throughout, one of intermediate agencies, and these not chosen at random, but with the nicest reference to their adaptation to the purpose intended.

Is it likely, then, that, in selecting subordinate agencies, this so necessary a requisite of a human life and experience, is overlooked? While around the throne of God stand Spirits, now sainted and glorified, but thrillingly conscious of a past experience of sin and sorrow, and trembling to the soul in sympathy with temptations and struggles like their own; is it likely that he would pass by these souls, thus burning for the work, and commit it to those bright abstract Spirits, whose knowledge and experience are comparatively so distant and so cold?

It is strongly in confirmation of this idea, that in the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master, we find him attended by two Spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which appeared with him in glory, and spake of his death, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future.

In coincidence with this idea, are all those passages which speak of the redeemed of earth as being closely and indissolubly identified with Christ, members of his body, of his flesh and his bones. It is not to be supposed that these united to Jesus above all others, by so vivid a sympathy and community of interests, are left out as instruments in that great work of human regeneration which engrosses him; and when we hear Christians spoken of as kings and priests unto God, as those who shall judge angels, we see it more than intimated that they are to be the parents and actors in that great work of Spiritual regeneration, of which Jesus is the head.

What then? May we look among the bands of ministering Spirits for our departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core—a friend to whom we have unfolded our soul in its most secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs?—if we are to have a ministering Spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up?" Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing thots been wafted over us, as if an angel has shaken from his wings the odors of paradise?—Many a one, we are confident, can remember such things; and whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and imminent as the crossing Mohammed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that glorious form! that face where the angel conceals not the mother—our questions would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the Divine One sees that their ministry can act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here, the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impression on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would faintly electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a Spiritual and holy life; but all her own weaknesses, faults and mortal cares, cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly alive, risen, purified and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly and certainly, what amid the tempests and tossings of life, she labored for painfully and feebly.

So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of man, who deplore the shortness of life, and the little that is permitted to any individual agency in this life, does this belief open a heavenly field.—Think not, father or brother long laboring for man, till thy sun stands on the western mountains—think not that thy day in this world is over.—Perhaps, like Jesus, thou hast lived a human life and gained a human experience, to become, under and like him, a saviour of thousands—thou hast been through the preparation, but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing, is yet to begin.

There are some Spirits (and those of earth's choicest) to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others is concerned this life seems to have been a total failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way through life, seems to have been laid upon them; they seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we lay them in the grave at last in mournful silence. To such what a vision is opened by this belief! This hard discipline has been the school and task-work by which their soul has been fitted for their invisible labors in a future life; and when they pass the gates of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors of what through many years they have sighed for—the power of doing good.

The year just passed, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just and the beloved—there are spots in a thousand graveyards, which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow, how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us. They still may move about our homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good, and reproofs of evil; we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at our success. How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace. They have overcome—have risen—are crowned, glorified—but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness they seem to say to us: "So we grieved, so we struggled, so we faint, so we doubted—but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have found all true, and in our heaven behold the certainty of thy own."

[From the New York Weekly Leader.]

THE BIBLE.

Why is this repository of ancient history and literature, written by the greatest minds which have ever visited the earth, and inspired with the loftiest strains of eloquence and truth—why is this vast mine of intellectual and Spiritual wealth so poorly appreciated, and so little studied? This is a question of no little importance. Here is a book which, independent of its sacred associations, stands alone, unrivalled, unapproached, as the masterpiece of the world's literature, and yet few out of the pale of the priesthood are at all acquainted with its beauties. Rich beyond all comparison in bold and glowing imagery; breathing, throughout, the most stirring eloquence; betraying in every line a thorough mastery of the human soul; its poetry of such dazzling brilliancy as to astonish and overawe the most gigantic minds which the world has produced; it is looked on by the great majority of readers as a book fit only for Spiritual enthusiasts and bigoted fanatics. It is read as a task, and not as a delight. It is approached with an undefinable awe which beclouds its beauty and renders its light dull and uncertain. How shall we account for this strange state of things? How shall we brush the dust from the neglected leaves of the Bible, scatter the mist which envelops its pages, and induce reflecting and intelligent people to search after its hidden treasures, and explore its unfathomable mines?

In answer to the first question, we would reply, it has too long been looked upon with unnatural reverence and superstitious fear. The shadow of the Church has fallen upon it and obscured its brightness. It has been buried beneath uncounted

volumes of stupid commentary, and barrel upon barrel of dingy sermons. Sectarians have placed false sign-boards over every chapter, puzzling the mind with foolish directions and false indices.—Verse after verse has been wrenched from its proper connection and perverted to all manner of base uses. In this way, the pure stream of living waters, gushing fresh from the great fountain of truth, has been darkened and polluted, until it seems to have lost all its healing and invigorating power.—To drop all simile, and speak the naked truth, the Bible has been so outrageously abused, that men lay it carelessly upon the shelf, where it has become moth-eaten and dust-worn for want of use.

In answer to the next question, how shall we brush the dust from its leaves, and induce intelligent and reflecting people to search for its hidden treasures, we answer, *let them read it for themselves.* Cast aside all commentaries, disrobe the mind of all prejudices, and enter upon its perusal with candid hearts and teachable minds. You will then wonder, as you peruse its brilliant pages, that you have been so long ignorant of their intrinsic beauty. Every chapter will inspire you with the noblest enthusiasm. Imprecipitely, but surely and permanently, its noble Spirit will steal over your soul, and give tone and character to your whole life.—The colwobs of modern religion will be swept away, and thenceforth your heart will feel absolved from all priest-worship and creed-worship, and devoted to the service of Truth. Thus it is that the Bible will be redeemed from daily neglect and profanation, and many to whom it is a sealed book, will pant for its pure gospel “as the heart pants after the water-brook.”

H. CLAPP, JR.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

SPIRITUALISM VS. THEOLOGY.

If it is generally correct to say that “the course of true love never did run smooth,” looking at the affections from amid the antagonisms of social life, how much more true it is to say, that the course of theological loves *never* run smooth, while they make such reckless and general issues with good science, and philosophy.

Were there any doubt as to this assumption, the mutations of theology during the past quarter of a century will give the needful facts for authority.

There can be no room for doubt, however, as the wallings of the theologically wounded and slain have left behind the *impression*, a very deep impression, that “the course of true love,” whether affectional or theological, “never did run smooth.”

The “battle of the churches” has been long, loud, and loud have been the acclamations of the conquering parties, as old formulas have died out, that others in turn might become fashionable, and have their day of “brief authority.” Still, amid the noise and tumult of the controversy, each one was strong in the Spirit of bold resolve to fight the good fight of his “*party*,” but like a certain character of Byron’s, while swearing they “would *never consent, consent!*” How else could it come to pass, that the whole economy and government of Hell, to say nothing of its theology, has got into such confusion, that any one who undertakes to reduce it to order, would be apt to say, he did *never*—

“Oh! cursed spite, that ever I was born to—this matter right,” Dr. Beecher and his “Conflict of Ages,” which has been a conflict ever since its birth, will aid the reader in comprehending this fact. Our attention has been particularly attracted to this subject of late, by noticing the fact, that while the orthodox in general are softening their views of Hell and the devil, and relinishing “eternal torments” so that it means “regrets,” “tortures of conscience,” and “mental pains,” &c., instead of burning in a literal “fire, for ever and ever,” the Universalists, who have not only poe, poe’d at the whole thing, but considered the man who alluded to future punishment, discipline or culture as weak, if not infidel to the “faith once delivered to the Saints,” are talking very plainly on the *necessity of future education or “discipline.”* This to us is unmitigated happiness, as it points to the time when the union of religious sentiment and belief may be general throughout the Christian world; beside which, it gives us some personal consolations for a few of our past sorrows.

While in the Universalist denomination, (we were quite young,) we had a great love for speculation and metaphysical reasoning, and was therefore prone to discourse on subjects rather mystical than practical. On one occasion, however, having devoted one of our best efforts to proving the nature and qualifications of Spirit identity, we found in doing so, we had forced the conviction on the minds of many of the congregation, and in a measure convinced our reason, that the same *facts* and philosophy proved “discipline” or punishment in the future state to be inevitable, so that the question was not “Is there future punishment?” but how long will *punishment* be necessary?

That this conclusion should be considered a “*heresy*” by the old school of Universalists, was most natural, as the “sleepy” theory of Father Belfour was the accredited philosophy of many good and honest thinkers. This philosophy made the state following death and before the “resurrection,” to be one of “sleep,” a kind of peaceful limbo or purgatory, from which we came forth at the general resurrection, meet for the kingdom of heaven; for during this time, “*death had put on immortality*,” and death was swallowed up in victory.” From this time forth I was looked on with a suspicious eye, and one plain old gentleman did not hesitate in calling us an “*infidel*” as we stepped from the pulpit. We found, however, on “comparing notes,” with many of the brethren, that “our” views were the views of many on that subject. Our vindication is found in the position of the Universalist denomination of to-day, the Christian Ambassador giving testimony in the following:

“It is no longer necessary the fact should be overlooked, that the major part of Universalists believe in a future state of discipline. The jumping into glory as a man pulls off his clothes and dives into a bath, is to me unreasonably. Analogy, facts, the scheme of salvation revealed in the Bible, the relation existing between God and his creatures, all prove to my mind the position that there must be a disciplinary process, to induce a progress in holiness—that there must be a difference of moral character and Spiritual excellence, of purity and happiness when men enter the future state in accordance with their moral condition at death.”

Now this conclusion, which is a very modern expression of Universalism, is the common faith of most Spiritualists, and fundamental to much of their philosophy. The Unitarians, Hiekie Quakers, some pseudo-Swedenborgians, not a few of the Congregationalists and the Restorationists, accept the same conclusion with varying modifications. Here is something gained for Spiritualism and progress, which should inspire the soul with “faith, hope and charity,” for the future.

The orthodox have undergone nearly a like

change, for instead of the mechanical and materialistic hell and heaven of long ago, we have a “*hell* in *conscience*,” and a heaven within us, just as we live in harmony with the divine unitities of God’s government. This is wonderful progress, all things considered, for it gives a *CONFERENCE* to human nature, total depravity and Dr. Paley to the contrary notwithstanding. Beside, it does away with a hell of fire and opens the door of hope for “Beelzebub the prince of devils,” so that all may become subject to the law of love, “that God may be all and in all.”

These conclusions spring into being, and ultimate in Spiritualism; for the “bad Spirit” theory, now so popular in the churches, is in direct contradiction to the first principles of eternal punishment.

Just think for a moment,—here are the Spirits in our parlors, sitting rooms, dining rooms, stores, kitchens, &c., &c., all having a good time, and by their own confessions enjoying themselves, when they should be, according to theology, with the “*rich man*,” lifting up their “eyes in torment.”

Spirit of my ancestors, what a change is here, in the conditions of the “*dammal*.” It is true, indeed, “time works wonders,” for it has revolutionized the empire of sin and Satan, and words of hope and consolation come from the “lost and gone” of other days. Surely “all things work together,” for “where sin *did* abound, grace *did* much more abound.”

MRS. STOWE AND THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

The reader will find on the first page, an article from the pen of Mrs. Stowe, which we hope he will read with attention. It is not that the views or philosophy are new or unknown to the Spiritual family; but that the views, such as they are, should have come from such a person—theological bias being understood.

So far as the literary execution of the article is concerned, it is neither above nor below what should be expected from the mind that called little Eva into being, and placed her angelic nature beside the family altar of nearly every home. Still, good as it is, we have many mediums, writing and speaking, who have been made the agents of better, higher and more Catholic communications, although they are *mediated*.

But does it not seem marvelous, when we call to mind the ocean-wide contrast of orthodoxy *as it is*, remembering what it *was*. But a few years have passed since the advent of a “*total depravity*” was the first thing needful in all pulpit prayer and declamation, and the second was like unto it, as the devil was so near omnipotent, that where there was no depravity enough to make the soul sinful beyond *human* redemption, the devil was near at hand to give the needful aid. Yet *dignity* with its monstrous brood of imps and demons is fast passing away, not only as the controllers of human destiny, but as a *possibility* in philosophy; so that we now live in a reign of grace and under a dispensation of hope—angels and holy beings administering to the need of humanity.

Surely no one can be insensible to the change, and none should be ungrateful to the “divinity that shapes our ends,” since blessing, rich blessing, ever cometh with the morrow.

We wish the reader to notice the logic of Mrs. Stowe, as well as the rich sentiment and affection that gilds the Spirit of her communication; for while she ignores the imputation that the ministration of angels can be a “*fiction*,” she is forced nevertheless to build her faith on “*hints and assertions*,” and “*inferential arguments*” which she finds in the Bible.

There is to us, not only a seeming, but a palpable inconsistency in calling the plain language of the Testament “*hints and assertions*” on a subject so vital both to the character of the Bible, as well as to the Spiritual peace and general happiness of society. When the Spiritualist reads questions like the following, he cannot but feel that the study of theology is a very poor aid to a true valuation of the Bible.

Mrs. Stowe, in speaking of the mental sweets and Spiritual joys that spring into life with the full conviction of angelic ministration, asks, “But is this fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes, which *Nature* has not, given none here?”

Oh! poverty of earth, how we skim the surface of life, without looking into the “holy of holies” which lives alike in the traditions of the past, and the *facts* of the present. When a boy, our evening prayer was often told in rhyme, but simple as its philosophy, it is richer, happier, more life-inspiring to us, than all the theological lore of Calvinism and its schools.

“Here I lay me down to sleep,
I pray, O Lord, my soul to keep;
And if I should die before I wake,
I pray, O Lord, my soul to take.
There are four corners to this bed,
There are four angels on them spread:
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lay on.”

If the signs of the times do not deceive us, the practical wisdom of life is about to be converted to the philosophy of Jesus, so far as it relates at least to heaven and the conditions for membership, so that we may have to go to the associations of childhood and to the philosophy of the nursery, to find the golden thread on which ministering angels string the hopes that *never* die. We are glad to find the Protestant world in motion, and hope soon to know that logic, with its flint-like “wherefore” and “therefore,” is to give place to the *living facts* which speak direct to conscious life and Spiritual desire.

What may we not expect when women of great experience, extensive reading and large culture, bring the resources of the head, with the warm wealth and sunny hopes of the heart, to illustrate the method, wisdom, and purity of angelic ministration? When the time comes, as come it will, we hope to know Mrs. Stowe as one of the many who will not only vindicate the rights of man, but explain the ways of God to His children, by preaching the gospel of *living fact* to the ages.

BROTHER J. H. FOWLER AND OUR CORRECTION.

We have received a letter from this brother, complaining that great injustice has been done him, by Mr. Martin and Mr. Cluer.

We are much obliged to him for making known his convictions, though to say truth, we are of the opinion there was no need of such bitterness of feeling, and much less for the occasional spice of sarcasm brought to bear on us. It may be, however, that we do not understand the Spirit of Brother Fowler, as we are sure he does not understand our remarks on the Convention. In adopting the “report of the Herald,” we accepted it as a mere statement of fact, as we were engaged on Committees that prevented our taking the necessary notes for a personal report, with the mental qualification that we should make all needful correction, when we had more room and time, should such be called for. Now is the time, the accepted time, since Brother Fowler pronounces the statement of the Herald to be “false” in representing him as an

“expelled student.” He says, “I have graduated with the other members of my class, and have the same certificate as they.” We accept this statement and give it place that the *correction* may be as general as the mistake.

The next item of offence is that Brother Fowler appropriated to himself a remark that never was designed for him, and we repeat, therefore, the same words in our own vindication, since it is a *truism* that *each one must use the talents Nature has given him, be they two or ten.* If Brother Fowler thinks I meant a *sarcasm* instead of a truism, I can only say, “as thy *faith*, so be it unto thee,” but I should very much rather he would believe me capable of, and actually telling the truth when I tell him I do not deal in *sarcasms*, *sneers* nor *intendoes*. Life is too solemn and sacred for such issues. If I have, however, to laugh at a man for his “hobbies,” I hope it may be *free* from the bitterness of all sarcastic relations. We took no notice of the “motion to censure Mr. Martin for his dress,” because the discussion on that subject closed soon after we entered the Convention. So far, however, as we can remember, Brother Fowler wished the subject of dress discussed because “it involved important principles.” As regards the controversy between Brother F. and the friends of the Fountain House, we have nothing to say, for two reasons:

1st. We know nothing as to the merits of the issue.

2d. We think, all things considered, the “least said is soonest mended.”

We hope our desire to correct any misstatement of ours will convince Brother F. that he may be over sensitive, and by that means make personal what was not intended to be such.

As to Mr. Cluer, when he complains of injustice done him by us, we will do all in our power to do the “right thing.”

That justice may be done to all, we give place to the following, although we heard of no such “*resolve*” while at the Convention. All wishing information on the subject will therefore inquire of Brother Fowler, who says:

“I do not recollect the words of Mr. Bingham’s motion to censure Mr. Martin for his dress. But it was finally voted to be withdrawn and the following opposite one passed:—

“Whereas, All free manifestations of truth are harmonious and beautiful, yet in the present imperfect and constrained state of humanity, and especially in all transitional periods, we expect many things which appear discordant and ugly. Therefore,

Resolved, That we will not allow the manifestation of any individual opinion or peculiarity to blind our eyes to the fact that every human being is a brother, and as such we welcome to our platform and tolerate all laws of humanity.”

OUR MOVEMENTS AND MEDIUMS AT 553 BROADWAY.

Our friends will be pleased to know that since the notice has gone forth for a conference on Thursday evening, that our large room has been filled to its utmost capacity by anxious inquirers after truth. As many of our friends are old inquirers in the sphere of facts, they feel somewhat anxious to comprehend the philosophy and the tendency of culture, which as thinkers they expect to ultimate from such investigation. To be ever looking after facts and never drawing conclusions, is as absurd as to speculate without the aid of fact. Good sense as well as science says, get your facts *first*, speculate after, since fact and philosophy must go hand in hand to meet the necessities of the age.

It is no less true, however, that many minds are prone to an excess of strength in one or other of these departments, age and education giving positiveness to the excesses of these partial developments. Whatever the misfortune attending the culture and developments of the inquirer, we are clear that *silence* is not the way to improve these deficiencies. The more we are conscious of this, when we remember that many are angular and imperfect from lack of skill in the use of language rather than from any untruthfulness of conclusion. Men and women should talk more together in conference, in order to develop *method* and acquire clearness of expression as well as to *test* the accuracy of their reasoning, for as yet we are in the infancy of Spiritual culture. We make these remarks to encourage the ladies of our conference to express their views and explain such methods as they may adopt in their investigation of the Spiritual phenomena and the conclusions resulting.

Beside all this, it is high time the female element were more prominent in most of our meetings, as we have now as it ever has been, an excess of male reasoning. “Woman’s rights” is good, as all *theory* must be a kind of John the Baptist to actual life, but we like woman’s *practice* better, and see no reason why theory should not become fact in this particular. The question should not be, will I agree with such an one—but can I understand his or her *facts* as to have them *harmonize* with the great gospel of peace and love, the brotherhood of the race being a finality in science and religion.

We have enjoyed our meetings so far, in the full Spirit of freedom, where each one speaks as he or she is moved, all being subject to the law of love and the Spirit of truth. Let no one fear for harmony where the love of truth is prominent.

We do not wish, however, to write an essay on the mental qualifications necessary for a logician, but to call the attention of the friends to the *fact*, that each one must do his or her own thinking, if they wish to make Spiritualism a thing of daily life. Again we say, ladies give us your experience and the way you look at the facts of Spiritual phenomena.

We are happy in this connection to inform the public that Miss C. Fox has returned to the city and may be found at No. 3 of our rooms from 10 o’clock A. M. until 1 P. M., and from 3 to 5 o’clock P. M. It is to be hoped that all interested in Spiritualism, will aid in getting others in the way of investigating, as we keep not only mediums to be consulted, but rooms that may be used by the friends wishing to form private circles.

Progress is what we work for, and facts and knowledge are the agents we use, the Spirits being our friendly advisers, not dictators, nor controllers. Our weekly Conference will be held on Friday evening, as some of our friends found it impossible to attend on Thursday. The meeting to commence at half past 7 o’clock.

MARRIAGE AT HOPEDALE.

We give place to the following, not only for the suggestions it contains, but that we may have the opportunity of bidding “God speed” to those friends whose mission of love has placed them in new relations to the age and the ages.

The recognition and solemnization of the holy hopes that warm the souls of all true believers in the religion of marriage, is to us the most beautiful and sacred scene that men or angels ever gazed upon; and we sincerely hope that this union is the offspring of loves born never to die. We are pleased to know, and we have no doubt many of our readers will be also, that the friends of Hopedale have an eye to the future in the construction of their unions, as they well to the present, since it is a con-

viction now rapidly becoming fundamental to the most radical philosophy, that all true reform must commence with marriage. May God and the Angels aid in spreading the Gospel, which ere long, shall be *glad tidings* to all people.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MR. EDITOR: On Monday evening, September 4, in the meeting of the Inductive communion, public recognition was made of the marriage of two of its members, Mr. E. Mellikin and Miss Helen Mundy. The ceremony was simple, but impressively beautiful, as it should ever be in the celebration of this important relation, where the parties are as well prepared for it as were these young Hopedalians. The “Marriage Question” was settled at Hopedale long ago, by acknowledging the institution to be good of itself, but subject at present to so much abuse that they formed resolutions to so educate the people in true physiology and moral philosophy resulting therefrom, that marriage should be dignified. Having made a visit of some months’ length in Hopedale, and become somewhat acquainted with the aims of its members, I should like to give my impressions of the modes by which they seek to accomplish their objects, as far as they relate to the elevation of marriage.

I confess that at first I doubted the propriety of matters which have hitherto been sacredly secret to the marriage relation, being discussed openly in the meeting of the young people of both sexes; but I soon saw that they were better and happier for the knowledge thus gained. I have never seen or heard of an instance where this knowledge has proved an injury, or been used to a disadvantage, even by the youngest thus instructed. The young of both sexes are early taught the proper use and function of every organ of their physical bodies, and thus at a marriageable age they are fitted to make a wise choice and to assume its responsibilities. Hasty courtships, marriages on a very short acquaintance, are not sanctioned by the public opinion of Hopedale. On the contrary, a thorough knowledge of the parties is recommended and enjoined upon them. And the intercourse of sexes is such, in their many meetings for instruction and social enjoyment, that there is an ample opportunity, as no person becomes a member without an understanding of the fundamental principles of the community, and an assent thereto; all know they have the same great object to work for, and unity of effort is thus secured at the outset. After looking at this matter in all its bearings, and watching the workings of “machinery at Hopedale,” with a mind at first somewhat prejudiced against it, I am constrained to look to Hopedale and its wise course on this question for *true marriages*, and an order of children vastly superior to those with whom our earth is now cursed rather than blessed. Let me say, too, that the young and unmarried are not the only persons who are benefited by the dissemination of these great and important principles. Marriage with all its elevated, dignified, purified, and there may be seen, at Hopedale, homes pure and undefiled, happy husbands and wives, and already does every visitor remark the superiority of the physical, mental, and moral development of the children. Yet Hopedale remembers that she is a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, and that to her eyes of many lovers of humanity are turned for help to solve the social problem. As they have been greatly in advance of others in the investigation and discussion of this question, may their lives and labors show that they have profited thereby. Especially will the rising generation have it in their power to prove the truth or fallacy of the principle adopted by the community in regard to marriage. At some other time, if agreeable, I should like to say something more of Hopedale, on the impressions other parts of its “machinery” made upon my mind during my somewhat lengthy visit there.

ANNIE.

LECTURES AND CONFERENCES AT DODD-WORTH’S HALL.

We are pleased to learn that the meetings at this depot of Spiritualism are better attended as the weather cools. This is as it should be, as the place as well as the subject is enough to attract a good audience, though the speaker might not be remarkable for eloquence.

But even this item is cared for, so that there is no good reason why the Hall should not be filled to its utmost capacity every Sunday.

It is hoped that such will be the case, now that the lecturing season is about to commence.

Our reporter will be in attendance at one or other of the lectures, so that the friends may expect an outline report of one lecture each week.—We commence with this issue, and give the following from the morning lecture of

BROTHER E. P. WILSON.

Respected friends:—We all have a common nature, common feelings, and common curiosities.—What one mind feels, another mind in some of the parts of its life will be impressed with in some degree. As yesterday evening I was traveling, and saw the diversified forms which Nature assumes in the Fall, the infinitely varied hues, differing, yet harmonizing and blending, I was struck with this infinite variety and diversity in Nature, and saw at once that men—that we, as individuals, possessed the same variety of thought, of mind, of feeling, sensations, passions—that all those varieties and shades in Nature are but indicative of the varieties, shades and traits of character, in their various manifestations, as constantly varying circumstances impress our external and interior life. The subject upon which we purpose to dwell this morning is Spiritualism.

It will be observed by every mind who investigates candidly that Nature is one; that, from the beginning to the end of all things, there is a unity of design, a perfection of arrangement, a perfect adaptation of cause to effect. And as we enter within the sphere of thought, of mind, and direct our investigations into the internal temple of the soul, and endeavor to solve the problem, what is happiness? the element of human aspirations will be found to centre, in its highest points, in Spirituality—something that looks upward, and inward, and onward. All enjoyment, of whatever kind, even if it is physical sensation, exists in the ideal life; and whatever produces impressions harmonious with our arrangement of faculties and traits of character, must necessarily produce happiness. Whatever, then, impresses our receptive nature with beautiful and truthful ideas, tends to unfold the Spirituality of the human soul; and whatever does not tend to unfold Spirituality has a tendency to produce discordant thoughts and relations. As we look back into the remote past, in tracing this central development of humanity’s nature, in reading the Spirituality of former ages and the method of its development, we observe various stages through which it has successively passed—stages in which the external manifestations—the highest conceptions of Spirituality—were exceedingly gross and unrefined. The Spirit of man, in this department of its external manifestations, unfolded its Spiritual desires in the external life, and produced very imperfect manifestations of the most central life of the Spirit. Like the little child,

in its unfolding it could not be a man at once; it could not rise into the serene light of positive science, the actual perception of true Spiritual communion, in a day, or in an age. Age after age must pass away before the internal of humanity could be brought out so that its internal impressions could receive a more Spiritual development. It is necessary to prepare, then, upon a lower plane of existence for the influx of higher manifestations down through the prepared vehicles of communication into the internal dwelling of thought. The sun’s rays reach through an atmosphere comparatively dense, and so penetrate into the internal earth; they must necessarily pass through many obstructions. So in the unfolding of man’s Spiritual nature; in its coming up into the great future, it travels through many difficulties, until at last, it arrives at a higher plane of Spiritual enjoyment. The first account we have of the method by which the Spiritual nature of man was reached was by the use of external means. An idea existed in the mind of the world that Deity was finite with man, and the highest conception was that the sacrifices which he required were of a gross and external nature—that God, the Infinite, could accept the sacrifices of animals. This was an idea common not only to the Jews, but to all the races of the earth; but they had different forms of expression. We may remark concerning this that it was the highest manifestation of mind at that period of the race.—They are not to be blamed; nor should we tantalize them. It is far more charitable and in harmony with our philosophy to believe that humanity has always acted the best it knew how. This was the method by which the Spiritual nature of man arose into its Spirituality. As we look along the past, and trace the method of its unfolding in the present, or the past which immediately precedes the present, we will observe indications of a growth out of its external formalism. And hence we are told by the prophets, some of whom were inspired by an inspiration truly divine, that a time would arrive when a knowledge of the Lord would cover the earth—when all should know God, from the least to the greatest—when all humanity should live in harmony, looking forward to the time when the veil which hid the seen from the unseen should be drawn aside, and when the eye of the soul could see as with the eye of God,—not through a glass darkly, but face to face.

This idea of animal sacrifices has been the central idea of the world, and the Spirituality of man has come up from the great depths of humanity and produced its manifestations through this central idea. We find this idea was concerned in the incarnation of Jesus, and from that period up to the present, like the hour-glass, the sands of time seem to have been pouring upon us this central idea. Every thing seemed to be pointing to a period when this idea should be incarnated in one sacrifice. This idea has had its uses and accomplished its purposes. But another age dawns. The light and glory of our life sheds upon man’s internal vision a brighter, broader, more glorious age, and it reveals a great fact that there is a past and a future, and that the living Christ exists within the internal temple of every human Spirit. And thus the sacrifice, if we would keep up the idea, is the sacrifice of each Spirit to the great God upon the altar of universal humanity. All that can be claimed by all denominations centralizes itself, and is crystallized in this great central Spiritual idea; and it is adapted to meet the wants of all men,—for there is no being who possesses the human form to which the idea is repulsive that all the Divine and Natural manifest and centralize themselves in the human Spirit. We are sympathetically united and joined to it as so many centres of humanity, in that great sympathetic relationship which binds us all together. There is some of all the principles which constitute God in incarnated man. Man governs the world; it is human intellect and human affection which produce all the commerce which overnets the oceans, and cause the lightnings to carry our messages. It is humanity acting upon humanity, in connection with the means of scientific and Spiritual unfolding, which produces this grand and glorious era of progress. And as we rise into our own future home, or descend into our own nature, and listen to the harmonies in our souls, we shall find that the second sphere is governed by the Spirit of humanity in a higher plane of development. Rising from one sphere into another, we shall find that man is the governor of the universe. And while we recognize humanity as the Lord and God and Governor of the Spiritual heavens, we also recognize it as the future law of internal unfoldings. Thus, it will be observed that the method of unfolding man’s Spirit is gradual; already the law of progress unfolds humanity in a higher degree, and man rises to that point where external things pass away, and all things become new. It is the work of mind, of God, to do away with external forms and ceremonies as fast as humanity shall not need them as crutches to pass up to the sphere of light and to their future homes.

Let us ask is the system of unfolding the human Spirit a universal principle? or shall we go back to former systems and ceremonies? No; the curtain of human destiny has already gone forward, and must go on, unfolding the infinite more and more, for ever and forever; and that it is progressing is evident, from the fact that to-day there are living more than a million of hearts with a more heavenly conception of divine reality than existed in the churches ten years ago. This is a living, speaking fact, that none can gainsay, none can resist. Now the warm and genial rays of this Spirit-life descend into myriads of human hearts, lighting them to the realms of endless joys. This is done by the natural growth of the soul in its onward progress, and thus humanity is beginning to take another step in the unfolding Spirituality of its nature; it marks the beginning of a new age. Here is a platform as broad as the universe; it thrusts none outside of its all-embracing arms. This great and glorious temple has but one church and one great infinite priest, who moves through the internal Spirit as fast as the life currents can flow. All this for man; for the unfolding of the immortal and infinite humanity. This is a very essential point in the development of a universal Spiritualism, for our creed is not written in any one book; it is written in millions of human hearts. The Spiritualist’s creed is written deep in the granite rock. Truth is immortal, and immortal truth is the Spiritualist’s creed.—He has read but few of its lessons, even in the granite rock, which sustains the bony fabric of the earth. His hope points to heaven, and to the bright plains of immortality, and tells him that there the great Father has spread everlasting banquets for his soul. His creed is written all over the universe, but especially in human hearts. It is written in letters of Spiritual harmony which join together the great brotherhood of the race, and unite us as one Spiritual family with those who have gone before, who are now surrounding us with their thoughts and ideas, and filling us with heavenly joys and celestial rhapsodies.

Truth has its granite rocks, as well as the earth.

It has hitherto been declared to man that he was under infinite obligations to God, and that if justice had been meted out to him, he would have been swept away from the earth, as by a whirlwind.—Not so do we read God now. No; the great scale of justice has changed the scene. Hence another idea, recognized in the balancing power in universal Nature—that man has claims upon God infinitely transcending those He has upon us. We rise only as we recognize the element of our growth and progress; and you defeat the very object of progress by enforcing the idea that the Divine has claims upon you that are infinite, if the other fact is not presented. Spiritualism teaches you in looking at all your relations with the external and internal worlds, that you have claims upon God commensurate with His claims upon you. You have a natural and eternal right to the unfolded development of your whole nature, for you have the Divine incarnated within you, that will lead you onward and outward and upward forever. God recognizes this fact. It is seen in the law of adaptation—in the desire to know; knowledge exists outside of us, and we have the power to receive it—to know as we are known, and see as we are seen. Here is a conception within our minds which the Deity recognizes, and gratifies. Here there is a balance of power, and it is so powerful, so great, so glorious, that the man who sees and accepts it as a law of Nature cannot help becoming better. And in proportion as he diverges from Nature and universal laws, he produces discord. But the power of this idea of unfolding the man is what we would look at. And oh! would that I could impress upon the clergy, what fills my own mind, that there is not a soul can be lost. Why would a man dress in rags when he had checks on all the banks in Wall street? He would not do it. And when that soul recognizes the great fact that it has claims which will present themselves to the great Banker, and the soul will be clothed with immortal truth, he will no longer be dressed in the rags of Spiritual poverty. This glorious and universal and practical truth is what must come upon the world with a power to unfold the Spirituality of the race. God feels for humanity as well as legislates; this truth will unfold the earth into heavenly life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRUIT OF SPIRIT INTERCOURSE: a condensed view of Spiritualism, in its Scriptural, Historical, Actual and Scientific Aspects, the Relations to Christianity, Its Principles, and its Social Reform. Manifestations in Nova Scotia. Important Communications from the Spirits of Sir John Franklin, and Rev. Wm. Wishart, St. John’s, N. B. with Evidence of Identity, and Directions for Developing Mediums. By ALFRED CROSBY, of Canada, Writing Mediums. Boston: BELLA MARSH, Franklin Street, 1854.

This is a neat and handsomely got up pamphlet of 108 pages. The type is large and the paper good, and the general execution of the work after the best style of Bella Marsh.

It will be hardly necessary to speak of the contents of the work, the title page being so full,—still we think the friends of Spiritualism will be glad to read the book, as there are some new facts, explanations and theories. The explanations given in the first chapter of such Biblical expressions as “The Lord said,” “The Lord commanded,” and “Thus saith the Lord,” etc., we think of some importance to the Spiritualist, as it removes the stone of offence which has been so long a stumbling block to the believer and unbeliever, when taken *literally*. Indeed, we have looked upon the advent of Modern Spiritualism as pre-eminently calculated to bring about this much-needed harmony between the letter and the philosophy of the Bible.

When we call to mind that the Jewish people “lived and had a being” under a Theocracy the most absolute, it becomes almost self-evident that such exclamations and expressions were the *natural* language of the times. Precisely as in Ireland, to-day, among the lower and middle classes, the expressions “God bless you,” “God bless you kindly,” “God be with you,” and others of a like character, are common exclamations of an active religious sentiment when people meet and part. The difference is in the appropriation of the name of the Deity. Thus in an age of antagonism and social strife, when men were contending for power and authority, nothing more natural than the assumption, “Thus said the Lord,” etc., because the age of the people had been receiving Spiritual communications. But in an age of *peace*, among a simple and superstitious peasantry, a people whose traditions and religion alike told them that blessings came (and curses also,) with the benediction, nothing could be more natural than the sayings, “God bless the work,” “God bless you kindly,” etc.

That the Spirits of the departed good have been the agents of God in aiding and developing the moral, social and religious manners and customs of the past, as well as the present, is not only suggested, but made quite possible to the reader, as Mr. Cridge reviews the peculiarities of the old and new Testaments, giving explanations, and qualifications as suggested by the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

The following, which gives the details of a communication purporting to come from the Spirit of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, will be acceptable to most readers, as it may aid reflection, if it does not convince the skeptic.

In Halifax, N. S., February, 1854, I asked any Spirit present to communicate through raps. Mrs. J. Johnson, medium. Knocks came, but we could not guess what Spirit it was, and, after several fruitless attempts to do so, asked the Spirit to spell the name. “Sir John Franklin” was given. We could elicit nothing further by raps; but, expressing a wish to write, my hand was controlled, and the following received:

“The cause of our failure was a season which set in with unusual severity, at an earlier period than usual. The indifferent manner in which our provisions were packed spoiled many of them, and compelled me to detach too large a party to hunt, so that we could not prevent the ships being crushed by ice. Thus driven from our refuge, all who had not previously been drowned or died of hardship perished from the combined effects of cold and hunger. Had it not been for the defective quality and tastings of the provisions we should not have been jammed up, as there would have been no necessity to have hunted until we were in a locality more favorable for the purpose.”

The result of our operations was the discovery of a large tract of open water near the North Pole. * * * Our further progress was stopped by a barrier of ice about three miles wide. Our men traversed it, and from the other side was seen an open sea as far as the eye could reach to the northward. We were reluctantly compelled to retrace our steps, and try to proceed westward in another direction. On our return by the route we had come, we were crushed by the ice in the manner above related.”

This invariable result of developing physical science in advance of social, is to waste the life and energies of those who are most adapted to advance the interests of the race in unavailing projects and useless privations.”

I asked a test of identity. It was replied that none could be given at that time, but would be at another. Some months afterwards I read an article in a number of the *American Vegetarian*, copied from an English paper, to the effect that a firm Bohemia had largely supplied the British Government with preserved meat in tin cans, in which previous to Franklin’s departure. That some time after that event, circumstances having caused suspicion, seven thousand tins were opened and examined. The contents were found to be of the most revolting description and quite putrid. Though

Poetry.

CONSOLATION FOR MYSELF.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

Let calmness rest upon thy soul,
Feel thou my living presence,
For thou shalt with the goal,
And taste the spirit's essence.

Have thou no thought of fear,
Dread thou not the morrow,
We have garnered every tear,
And shared with thee in sorrow.

We have fanned thy fevered brow,
Have stilled thy throbbing heart,
We are sitting by thee now,
And will not soon depart.

Early hopes between from thee,
We will veil them from thy sight,
And in the future thou shalt see
Past darkness turned to light.

Look thou to the brighter future,
Bid thy past to thee be dead,
Give thyself to Spirit culture,
And thou shalt have no cause for dread.

For gentler than a seraph's whisper,
Purer than an angel's tear,
Sweeter than the evening vesper,
Shall be thy thoughts when we are near.

SPIRITUAL AID.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

If thou'ld do unto thy neighbor,
What thou knowest to be right,
It thou wilt devote thy labor,
To spread abroad the light.

Then we will be around thee,
And guide thee for the best,
So doing thou shalt surely see,
That we can do the rest.

[From the Iowa Weekly Post.]

ECHOES.

The following very pretty lines will find an echo in every heart.

Hark! through Nature's vast cathedral,
Blended echoes ever rise,
Swelling in a rich symphony,
To its over-arching skies.

Every bird that sings in summer,
Every honey-laden bee,
Every squirrel in the forest,
Every cricket on the tree;

Every mistle-drooping fountain,
Every gently murmuring brook,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water-guider mill;

Every rain drop on the house top,
Every breeze that sighs and sighs,
Every footfall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.

Sole of rose and song of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find,
Wells of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action,
Is rebroadcast of an act;
Life itself is but an echo,
Of the lives that were before.

CUPID'S ARROW.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
And besought him to look at his arrow,
"This useless," he cried, "you must mend it, I say;
'Tain't fit to let me shoot at my quarry."

"There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it ditters quite false to the aim;
'Tis an age since it failed to wound the heart,
And the world really jests at my name."

"I have straitened, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare,
I've perfumed it with sweetest of scents;
'Tis feathered with rindlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from my eyes;
But it fails without touching—I break it I vow,
For the complaint begins to pour,
He's complacent, he's vain, he's too dull and so low,
That a cypriote might put it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon examined,
"Take heed, young sir, try it now—if it fail
I will ask neither fee nor reward;
The shaft's shot out, and rare have he made;
The wound and dead were untold;
But no wonder the world's laughing and trade,
For the arrow was taken with gold."

BEAUTIFUL OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The Pittsburgh Intelligencer thus describes a beautiful illusion, as seen by Mr. Elliott during his late ascension at that place:

"While among the clouds, it seemed to him as if he was in the midst of a large ground glass globe, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, against the side of which opposite to the sun, the shadow of the lady Isabella rested, some five or six times larger than the object. About half-way between him and the shadow which seemed as if resting on the glass wall, another balloon was seen of a size between the shadow and the real one, resting as if in a vacuum, which displayed every color faithfully of the original. He then extended his own fingers, when he was mimicked by this image; and whether he extended one finger or more, or whatever he did, this figure duplicated exactly. When he would cause his balloon to oscillate, this balloon would move exactly like his. When he threw out more ballast to elevate himself, this figure sank down, instead of rising with him; and when he rose above the clouds into the rays of the unclouded sun, he left the mimic aeronaut below him.

"In the rays of the sun, above the clouds, he found it so warm as to cause him to perspire freely, a state of heat never before experienced at this height, nearly twenty thousand feet, very chilly. He then opened the valve for the purpose of descending, and as soon as he sank one or two thousand feet, which he ascertained by barometrical indications, he felt as if he had entered an ice-house, and a cold chill seized his whole person.

"Here he kept comparing his mimic aerial voyager, whom he again compared for some time, with philosophical notions. Whenever he moved or sided in any direction, the balloon would move in the same direction. But when he moved up or down the duplicate would move in a directly opposite way; and when he concluded to descend, the image moved upward until the tri-colored flask was out of sight, when he could still see the car and the aeronaut still standing in it as if in a basket attached to nothing. He still kept looking until his head was Robespierred; and finally, piece by piece his body, and at last the feet and basket ascended out of his sight.

"Professor Elliot says that he has been up a hundred and one times, but never saw anything in the form of an illusion like this before, and he asked the opinion of the scientific and learned as to the probable cause of this remarkable phenomenon, for the information of the public."

MARRIED MEN.—So good was he that I now take an opportunity of making confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make, from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for some time past I have been unbentured their hearts. I confess, then, that I need a man who is married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, on his entrance into the marriage state, close around him and constitute part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it, then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this is dangerous to me and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses and all European legislators declared it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me, is my future confession that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy as that between married people. It is amazing to myself because it seems to me that I, living unmarried or matchless, have but little to do. But it is so and always was so.—Miss Bremer.

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

FIFTH DIALOGUE.

TALISMANS.

Every book on magic and witchcraft is full of receipts for making similar talismans; but I do not know any better means than invoking the name of God whenever we are troubled by any thought, or supernatural phenomenon. We shall have ceaselessly this name present in our soul, and write it mentally upon our forehead, if that is possible, so as to oppose it, not only internally, but also externally, to all present and future troubles. These formulae are very much like those of the Catholics, who make the sign of the cross in the same view. So, too, was the sign made by Swedenborg on Adele's forehead, when he entered into communication with her, and by which he protected her against every material or spiritual influence by which she might have been troubled. I had great confidence in the power of this sign, for I have had many faces among the priests and mesmerizers; how many of these enemies came and consulted Adele with the intention of troubling and disordering her mind! But it was precisely during these sessions that her mind was most admirably lucid; and all the calculations of these wicked people were thus ruined. We blindly deny what we do not understand. The belief in these supernatural interventions could not be perpetrated in every country, and by every nation, if there were no truth in it; it could not have overcome so much ridicule, and so many tortures. But the reality of such facts may not be mathematically proved, by means of our magnetic action over sensitive subjects. Every one of us can write a thought upon a slip of paper, endow it with all the energy and power of one's will, and pray the person who wishes a talisman, to wear it upon his body; the effect will be the same as if the most complicated and cabalistic recipes had been made use of. Let, for instance, this thought be thus clearly expressed:

"J. B.—, the child of the Eternal, faithful to his love and justice, order the evil Spirits who torment my brother in God, P. L.—, to quit at once his body and abode, under penalty, if he refuses to obey, of being submitted to the same sufferings by which my brother is troubled. I consequently swear to help my brother P. L.—, to obtain, either in this world or the other, the reparation he is entitled to obtain from the Eternal Mercy."

Signed _____

You will find in the third volume of my "Celestial Telegraph," many documents which may enlighten you about this justice. Should many persons sign the talisman of which I gave you the formula just now, its effect will be still more powerful. Before being delivered to the patient, it must be offered to the benediction of God, by means of a general prayer; and each of the persons who have signed, shall then wear it on their heart for thirty-six hours. The patient shall then have it, and carry it in the same manner until perfect recovery.

JOHN.—This is serious—if it is not ridiculous.

ALBERT.—It is a mark of the pure and sincere love of your brothers for you; and if it is ridiculous, it is nevertheless very excusable, as a natural expression of the desire every good hearted person experiences, to relieve the suffering of one's brother. I believe more in its efficacy than ridiculousness, and I advise those who are not so skeptical as yourself, not to pay any attention to your argument. I speak by experience.

JOHN.—I abandon you to your faith; but I must speak again of the famous rod of Moses; was it not something like the divining rod of our modern sorcerers? But I do not see why we should suppose that narcotics were not employed by the ancients to throw their sybils in the state of clairvoyance; it would then have been a natural effect, not a magical one. It seems to me also, that the holy water, the paten, or blessed wood of the Catholics, might just as well produce the effects of clairvoyance, as the passes of our mesmerizers. In all these phenomena, I see nothing but a sympathetic or antipathetic exchange of corpuses; that is all.

ALBERT.—Alas! my poor friend, that is precisely the opinion I expressed at the beginning of our conversation; and it is especially true, if we admit that all these corpuses have a spiritual existence, which would so well explain their sympathy and antipathy. But this view of the subject would lead us into new and untrodden paths; and it is for this reason I proposed to call Spirits these acting and thinking atoms of every kingdom. I go farther; I place these corporeal Spirits under the direction of human Spirits, either in or out of the flesh; they are the agents of these last ones, and act only upon the impulse of their superior; such is my theory about possessing, hallucinating, and troubling Spirits of every sort. And it has been in consequence of this view, that I accepted in the first volume of my "Celestial Telegraph," the opinions of my clairvoyant, Diot. Either medical or spiritual remedies are agents endowed with contrary influences, that results the desired calmness. Whoever might reject this doctrine, should be entirely ignorant of the action of poisons and counter-poisons, &c. These substances cannot act but in consequence of a life of their own, entirely unknown to us, and necessarily spiritual. Man is the magician, the chemist, the architect of these various aggregations, and his works are always in proportion with his knowledge.

JOHN.—This study is immense, I confess it. But I cannot touch a chord of these universal powers without fearing sounds which might turn me out. And, in fact, it is just what I experience since I listen to you.

ALBERT.—Well! The same thing happened to me, despite my long acquaintance with these mysteries. It is for that that I so often said,

It more man learns, the less he knows.

Everything may be turned into a talisman; but two requisites are indispensable, viz.: the faith of the patient, and that of the operator.

SPELL OF THE WINDS.

ALBERT.—We have, until now, witnessed the scientific magic researches of man, and his fascinating action upon his brothers. We have seen him carrying off material objects, forming compacts, manufacturing talismans, and thus rising by degrees to the highest regions of disembodied Spirits. But man operated first in secret; and only later, in those temples wherein his name is still famous. Yet even these triumphs were not enough for his inexhaustible ambition; he went into public places

to have a still greater number of spectators, and thus extend his fame and glory. He did not only prove to his brothers that he could dispose at pleasure, of these magical creations, but he tried to convince them that he might likewise rule the elements and Nature at large. From this period dates the giddy part he played in this world, and of which Christ and his disciples gave a beautiful example, when they soothed with a word the fury of the storms and the ocean.

The Christians of the present time are horrified at the very name of magic, and yet they teach us that the Magi of the East were led by a star toward Jesus. The founder of Christianity itself, St. Peter, vied with Simon who was considered as the most famous magician of his age. Peter tried to prove that he was more skillful than this man, and paralyzed therefore his public experiences by causing his downfall. The result of this failure was, that Simon prayed St. Peter that he might be taught in the art of this Apostle.

The Church has instituted, for the first time, ceremonies which are still in practice, for conjuring the elements and obtaining propitious weather.—During the Rogation-days, processions go into the fields, bless the growing crop, and stop too abundant rain, or too prolonged dryness. In Catholic countries, every town or village has its own saint particularly entrusted with the care of granting this sort of favors. It is true that they say they do not apply to the black art for obtaining such graces; but this is not the question for us: what the Catholics do, every body may likewise do; and this consideration has been my determining motive to treat you with the "Spell of the Winds."

1. "New Travels to the West," Amsterdam, 1708, Etienne Roger's edition, chapter XI, I read the following passage: "We sailed as far as the centre of the polar circle; we met there with an absolute calm, similar to those which often reign beyond these polar regions. But having heard that all the inhabitants of these countries were sorcerers, we went to, and bought wind in the nearest town; we applied for that purpose to the most famous magician of the place."

I read on page 45, "After having untied the last knot of the charm, a little breeze arose from the North, and soon became so terrible a North wind, that the sky seemed ready to fall upon us. We thought for a moment that God wished to punish us for having consulted a sorcerer."

The sixty-sixth chapter treats on the manner of living, and contains the following statement: "They are almost all sorcerers, having a Spirit at their service, and by his help know beforehand what shall happen to them. These Spirits awake them when it is necessary, and send them fishing whenever the moment is propitious. But if they should go without their advice, they would be quite unsuccessful in their fishing operations. They show to foreigners what happens in their homes, as for instance, their fathers and mothers, relations and friends, &c. They likewise sell wind to mariners who are in want of it to reach their destination."

2. I extract the following passage from a work entitled "Critical and Philosophical, Serious and Amusing Letters," 1733.

"Sapater was put to death for having chained the winds, so as to prevent the possibility of carrying any provisions to Bysance," &c., &c.

"Philostrophes says that Apollonius, of Tyre, saw among the Brahmins, two large barrels, which being opened, excited the most violent hurricanes, while, when shut, the atmosphere was perfectly calm."

"Claus writes that the Sapsans, &c., inhabitants of Finland, sell wind to the mariners; and this was the reason why demons were styled princes of the air by the Apostles. The same people bring rain, hail or thunder whenever they choose."

3. I read in another book entitled, "Falsehood of the two Testaments," 1771, page 52, that "The opinion which ascribes to man a power over the elements was universal in almost every age. Porphyry assures us that Pythagoras had the power of expelling the ague, stopping hail, calming the sky and storms, for the welfare of travelers,—that he knew Empedocles, Epimenides, and Abaris, who had learned this secret from Pythagoras, and made use of it whenever there was an occasion of doing so."

It is said, page 63, that "We had already spoken of Abaris, who dispelled plagues, storms, and caused hurricanes."

4. The following passage is borrowed from a very famous work of an illustrious historian, "History of the Gauls," by Ameder Thierry, 2d edition, vol. II, page 117:

"Magicians and prophetesses were affiliated to the Druid order, and used as the instruments of their priests' will. These women rendered oracles, presided over certain sacrifices, from which men were absolutely excluded; held nightly meetings, during which they indulged in the most extraordinary and frightful ceremonies. The island of Sena, opposite the western part of America, had a college wherein nine of these women were shut up; they were called Senes, and thought to possess a boundless power over Nature. They knew the future, and healed incurable sicknesses. The sea heaved or subsided, . . . the winds rose or fell at their pleasure. . . . They were able to assume any appearance, or the shape of any animal they chose."

5. "Treatise on Polle," by M. Delemane, commissary at the Chatelet. The author of this book quotes the following fact, borrowed from the writings of Dancius on "Magic, Talismans, and Possessions." "In 321, Constantine granted to his people a law in favor of the magicians, and another law to punish those who might injure men by means of this art. But no prosecution should be instituted against those, who, by spells or charms, would have prevented rain, wind or hail, from destroying the fruits of the earth."

"Alaric, King of the Goths, having conquered Rome in 408, some magicians of Tuscany pretended that they were able to excite thunder and storms, which would force the prince to abandon the siege. A few cities listened to these impostors, and promised to perform their impious sacrifices; but the people and virtuous persons were indignant, and the sorcerers were rewarded by a law which expelled even the mathematicians from Rome and the Empire, . . . their books were all destroyed."

"Charlemagne reiterated several times these orders of expelling from his States, magicians, foretellers, astrologers, and augurers. He issued several decrees against them; and forbade every sort of magic, sorcery, invocation to demons, spells thrown, incantations to cause perturbations in the atmosphere, and so forth."

6. I read in a book entitled, "The Second of the Dog-days," that "The Tartars were so skillful in those prodigies, as to produce the most profound obscurity whenever they chose; they heaped up large quantities of alum and nitre, to which fire was set, and by these means produced a sudden cloud, which soon turned into a heavy shower."

The same author speaks, page 395, of a young girl who had the power of causing rain to fall

whenever she wished. The means she made use of were the following: after having dug a large ditch and put water in it, she stirred the whole with an accompaniment of certain words she had learned from sorceresses. Rain very soon fell abundantly, whenever this operation had been performed.

7. According to Gaffarel, Baron promised to raise clouds, and then reduce them into showers, (page 365.)

8. "The History of Magic in France," says that "Charlemagne issued several decrees, by which he forbade all sorts of magic and incantations." This quotation is like that which I related in No. 5, and our present author confirms the saying of the first one.

9. "On the Demon's Power over the Different Bodies of Nature," a physico-medical dissertation, by Hoffman, intimate Counsellor of the King of Prussia, &c. I read in the seventh paragraph of this book, that "Since we have admitted that a Spirit cannot be the immediate cause of the motion of a body, the demon could not therefore be the cause of the motion of the atmosphere; but he is able to excite persons to move, or fluids endowed already with a proper power, to flow in a certain direction. Our own body is an evident proof of this assertion; for we see in it, those fluids which we call nervous are the principal cause of motion in the lymph, the blood, and the muscles at large. By analogy, we must suppose that similar limits exist for the demon, which we do not consider as the direct cause of the motion in the air—this last being endowed with a proper force of itself. . . . We shall not, for the less, grant to the Evil Spirit the faculty of exciting in certain fluids a propensity for these movements. We shall therefore admit that the demon can easily produce fantastical appearances of men or animals, by combining the vapor of the atmosphere, so as to obtain certain combinations of shade and light; a like explanation will hold good for the spectre and apparition stories which are recorded everywhere in history, and confirmed by the Scriptures, no less than by wise observations made in different countries, and at different periods of human existence."

"Now, if the demon can move or shake the atmosphere, he can certainly as well produce in it certain sounds, certain bursts of voice; for it is a physical truth that sound is nothing but successive vibrations of the air. And what could prevent the demon from compressing it first, then letting it resume its former volume in consequence of its elasticity. If the air strikes in these conditions, some resisting objects, it will be repulsed just as it happens in ordinary echoes, . . . but if we grant the demon the power of thus acting on the air, we cannot logically deny him the power of bringing up winds, which are nothing but certain vibrations of the atmosphere; and rain, thunder, storms, are, in their turn, secondary consequences of the wind itself. . . . Valvassor proves by many examples, that sorcerers often sent rain in excess; also hurricanes and thunder storms over the countries which he describes. . . . And in fact, all these phenomena are the natural result of the meeting, or the shock of certain heterogeneous gases. It is easy to understand how rain may be sent upon us, by driving vapors from a warmer latitude; reaching the colder atmosphere of ours, these vapors will evidently condense, and fall down in the shape of rain. But it may be objected that the demon, being a pure Spirit, can never act as a mechanical agent. Granted! he can act upon the moral, and the moral in its turn upon the physical, just as the soul does in the human economy. . . . If the soul—which is evidently nothing but a moral cause—can so influence the imagination, as to seriously injure the body, I do not see why the devil might not have the same power."

10. The following quotation is extracted from the "Infernal Dictionary of Colin de Pluney," article "Whistling of the Winds." "This habit of whistling to call up the wind is one of our nautical superstitions, and despite its absurdity, it powerfully preoccupies the most skeptical minds, in the time of calms. It would be just as wise to reason with the capricious breeze itself, as to try to persuade an English sailor that the wind blows when and wherefrom it pleases, and that it is therefore useless and absurd to address it any invocation. Say what you wish, the sailor will always whistle, when the wind fails to blow into his sail."

11. I read in the same book, article "Storms," "It is believed on the Baltic, that there are sorcerers who can, by their spells, call at pleasure the tempest, and wreck the fisherman's boats, (Captain Basil Hall.)

JOHN.—Hurra for Captain Basil Hall.

ALBERT.—Why! you try to ridicule this man because he will prove that it is useless to invoke the winds in spite of the intelligences. Is it not the same thing as to confess that there are intelligences to be invoked? That the sorcerers believe, and do.

JOHN.—Mesmerizers are therefore screens like the Lapan you spoke of.

ALBERT.—Your satirical definition of screens, is no better than that of lightning rods. It seems to me that there is no absurdity in admitting that mesmerizers can do in the atmosphere what they do upon organized bodies, viz.: act by attraction and repulsion.

JOHN.—Why! You would be inclined to admit such absurdities? . . . A boatman calling forth a West breeze, and another an East one? Suppose these two men are side by side, what will be the result of their respective invocations? The less absurd of your quotations is that of the girl who dug a ditch, and put water into it; this, at least, was sure to have some!

[To be continued.]

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

The Paris correspondent of the Columbus Journal translates the following story from late German papers:

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K—, had, by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, immense property under the name of Countess, and consulted the most eminent physicians and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, and especially to painting. At sixteen years of age they were already cited as masters; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared: the same symptoms, the same pains; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused at first, but vanquished by the supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of

his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously with his brother designed and painted after nature. Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarels that they contained, had already their duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died, and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return, she gave birth a second time, to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had so unfortunately lost. They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had at the development of the first children, were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms, the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went into Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of the malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together on account of the extraordinary resemblance of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principle of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers had pronounced eighteen years ago.

A REMEDY FOR INFIDELITY.

The best definition for religion ever given, is that which makes it to consist in loving God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves. I am sure that no man fit for the society of man, can seriously quarrel with religion thus touched. If the does, it must be at the deliberate compromise of his own character, in confessing himself indifferent to every humane aspiration. Would any one feel disposed to resort to legal penalties against such a person? On the contrary, would not one feel the sincerest pity for him, and cheerfully do his best to soothe and placate him?

Thus, infidelity will not be able to assail religion itself, without infinitely discrediting its own aims.—What will it be compelled to do, therefore, by way of keeping itself alive? It will assail certain accidental peculiarities now attaching to the religious profession, certain Romish, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Methodist features, nowise belonging to the divine form itself, yet able, very often, to do her discredit in the eyes of the thoughtless. An insincere profession, a worldly temper, Pharisaic scrupulosity, superstitious regard for ceremonial observances, unreasonable dogmas, and what not, are sure to show themselves wherever a sectarian spirit exists, and it is a blessed infidelity which shall help us to correct such abuses. The more you strip religion of its purely ecclesiastical and deistic features, or, what is the same thing, the more you identify her with the spirit of mutual and universal love which unites the men of all sects to each other, the more you bring her essential and eternal beauty into relief. When I am assured that my looks are not so captivating as my neighbor's, and my manners not near so graceful as they might be, I then identify myself all the more gladly with the harmless spirit within both looks and manners—a spirit which gives to looks and manners in any case, indeed, all their honest and permanent charm. So, when we convince the ecclesiastic that he has paid too much deference "to the mint, anise and cummin" interest of religion, he will be sure, out of pure contrition for his folly, to cling all the more resolutely to the weightier interests of judgment and mercy, which are its vital soul.

Here, then, we discover the remedy against infidelity, and perceive it to consist in the revival of pure and undefiled religion. We shall stop the mouth of the infidel, not by argument, but by exhibiting more and more of the spirit of true religion, and less and less of the spirit of Romanism, Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Methodism and New-churchism. There is no sadder sight to every good man than a mere Romanist, or a mere Episcopalian, or a mere ecclesiastic of any name. One feels how hard it must be for the poor human soul that deliberately buries itself under that rubbish, ever again to reach the upper air, and breathe the heavenly breath of Christ. Every truly religious man, with which I identify myself, feels that he is in every sect feels alike on this point. Even if a structured person perceives that the ecclesiastical temper is totally out of place in this country, because our policy resolutely ignores all ecclesiastical form, committing this subject to the purely private judgment of the people. Hence it is that a man is invariably led to cut such a sorry figure among us, when he talks loudly about the church! the church!—meaning by that word some meagre and arrogant Romanism or Episcopacy or New-churchism, instead of the great brotherhood of those who, under whatever name, cultivate the spirit of Christ—a spirit of perfect love, because of perfect humanity.

People of this sort may well dread the advance of infidelity. It is certain to engulf them. It is, indeed, directly aimed at their destruction. The man who uses the doctrine of Christ only for the purpose of separating and dividing those who are in spiritual unity, belongs in heart to the infidel camp, and will finally enrol his name there. But to the Christian without guile, to the man who esteems charity above knowledge, and brotherly love before self-love, infidelity presents no terrors. He knows very well that every man of like temper with himself must remain for ever unseduced by its chatter, and that for all others, or for those who are of small consequence, what name they love, it is of small consequence, so long as they go by—They will be very sure never to go by an unfaithful one, whether it be Christian or Infidel.

How many persons are there in every sect, who are by no means of the sect, but who believe substantially in the views here set forth—men who hide their Romanism, and their Episcopacy, and their Methodism, away from the Divine eye as zealously as they would hide any other carnal vanity, and rejoice only in the spirit of mutual love which is the badge of Christian discipleship!—From the Reform.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—"If a woman is not satisfied with the labors of the factory or the school, if she stepped beyond the regular limits assigned her by common usage, she was pointed at and booed by the world. For oftentimes the poverty of women is such that they are driven to a life of shame to earn bread for themselves and their children. In addition to these evils, there too often comes a prostration of the holiest tie which woman can form—the marriage relation—for frequently she is driven by poverty to marry a man for whom she can have no affinities, merely for the sake of securing a subsistence."—From a speech by Lucy Stone.

We have already denied, and we again deny that a woman who is pointed at and booed at. We never knew any woman to take up an honorable employment and pursue it zealously, but she was honored for her enterprise. We also beg leave to express our firm conviction that no virtuous woman ever was driven to a life of shame to get bread for her husband and children. Such a declaration is a monstrous lie, and to humanity. We agree with the old King of Israel, who said: "I have been young and now am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Begging and left to such degradation as Miss Fiske speaks of. Poverty can be no extension of such a crime, and we are sorry to see the leader of woman's right movements offer such a plea in palliation.

There is always a poor-house into which a virtuous woman and her children can be admitted, or if not, there is a river in which she could throw herself and them.—From Mrs. Stiebel's comments on the above.

BRAIN AND THOUGHT.—Richmond mentions the case of a woman whose brains were exposed in consequence of the removal of a considerable portion of its bony covering by disease. He says he repeatedly made pressure on the brain, and each time suspended all feeling and intellect, which were instantly restored when the pressure was withdrawn. The same writer mentions another case, that of a man who had been trepanned, and who perceived his intellectual faculties failing, and his existence drawing to a close, every time the effused blood collected upon the brain.

Professor Chapman, of Philadelphia, mentions in his lectures, that he saw an individual with his skull perforated, and the brain exposed, who was accustomed to submit himself to the same experiment of pressure as of pressure on the brain, by the late Professor Weiss to his class. His intellectual and moral faculties disappeared on the application of pressure to the brain; they were held under the thumb, as it were, and restored to full activity by discontinuing the pressure. But the most extraordinary case of this kind within my knowledge, and one peculiarly interesting to the physiologist and metaphysician, is related by Sir Astley Cooper in his surgical lectures.

A man by the name of Jones received an injury on his head while on board a vessel in the Mediterranean, which rendered him insensible. The vessel soon after this made Gibraltar, where Jones was placed in the Hospital, and remained several months in the same insensible state. He was then carried on board the Dolphin frigate to Deptford, and from thence was sent to the St. Thomas Hospital, London. He lay constantly on his back, and breathed with difficulty. His pulse was regular, and each time it beat he moved his finger. When hungry or thirsty, he moved his lips and tongue. Mr. Cline, the surgeon, found a portion of the skull depressed, trepanned him, and removed the depressed portion; immediately after this operation, the motion of the fingers ceased, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, the operation having been performed at once, he sat up in bed; sensation and volition returned; and in four days he got out of bed, and conversed. The last thing he remembered was the circumstance of taking a prize in the Mediterranean. From the moment of the accident, thirteen months and a few days, oblivion had come over him, and all recollection ceased. He had for more than one year drank of the cup of Lethe, and lived wholly unconscious of existence, yet, upon removing a small portion of the bone which pressed upon the brain, he was restored to the full possession of the powers of his mind and body.—Dr. Bridgman.

A STRONG-MINDED CANDIDATE FOR MATRIMONY.

A lady advertising for a husband in the Water Cure Journal, gives the following description of herself. She certainly has some fine "points."

I am just twenty, but will marry before I am two years older. I am a graduate of the Marietta Seminary. I can do, and I love to do, all manner of house work, from making pies and bread to washing shirts; I can do all kinds of sewing, from embroidery to linen pantaloons; I can skate, ride, sing dance, play on the piano, or spinning-wheel, and do anything that may reasonably be expected of my sex. If required, I can act the part of a dunce in society of the "upper ten," or the part of a woman among women. As for riding, here